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# RUDDIGORE

W.S.GILBERT

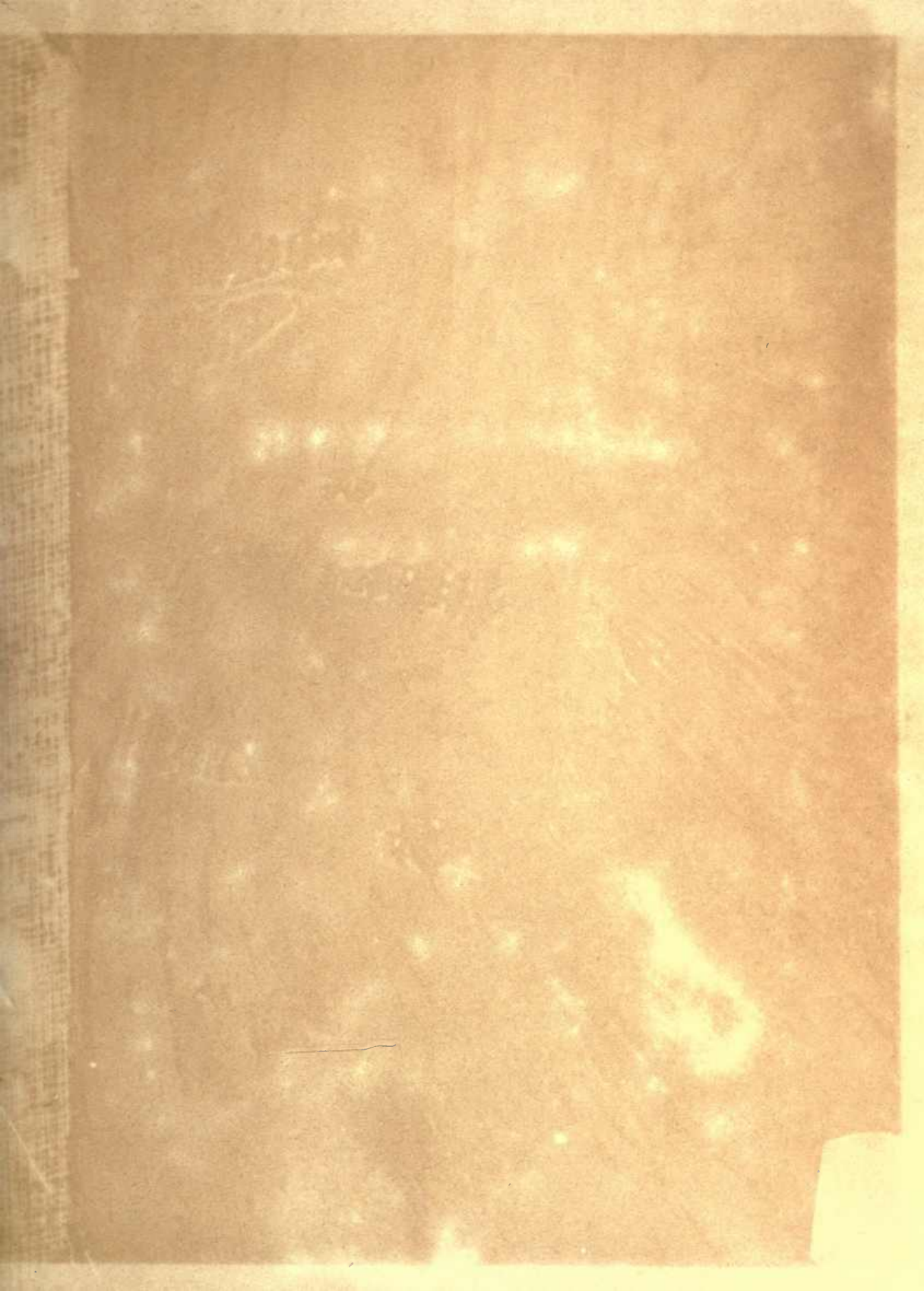
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RUDDIGORE



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THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

PATIENCE

IOLANTHE

PRINCESS IDA

THE MIKADO

RUDDIGORE

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

THE GONDOLIERS





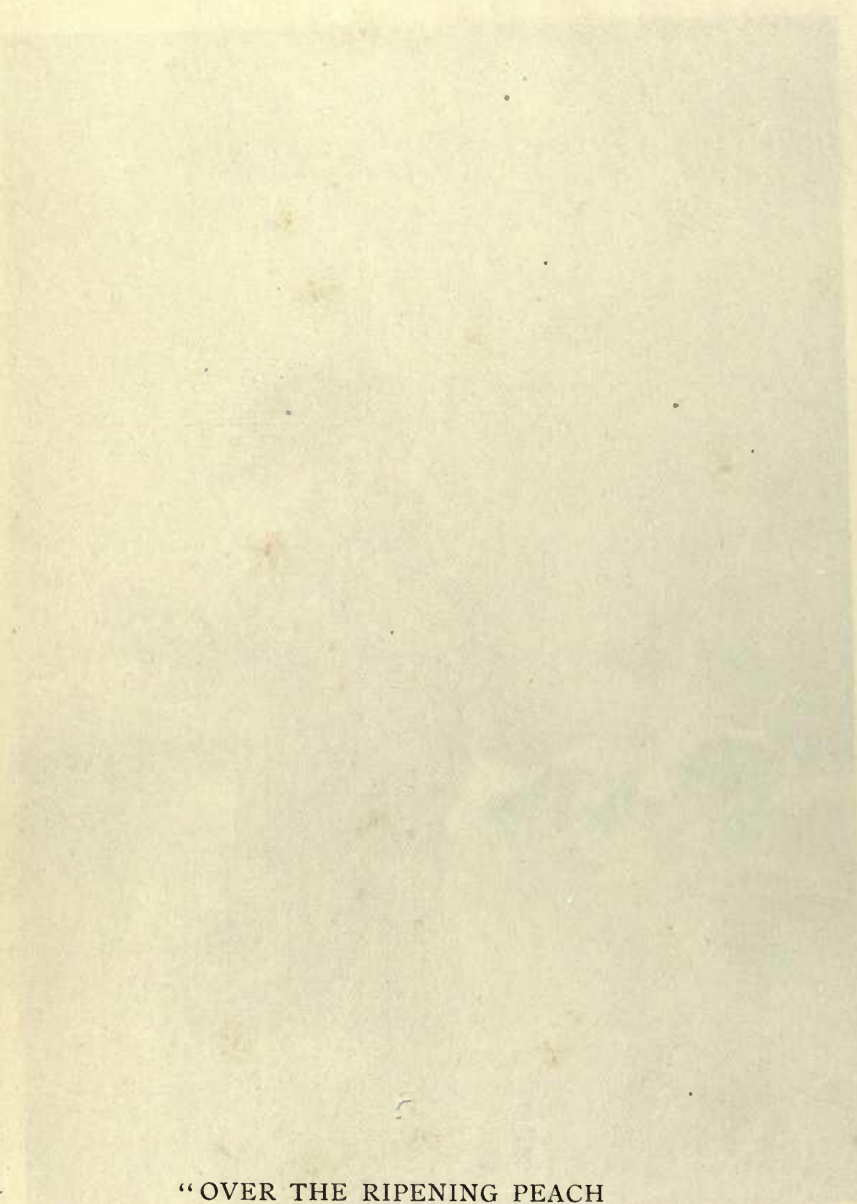












“OVER THE RIPENING PEACH  
BUZZES THE BEE.  
SPLASH ON THE BILLOWY BEACH  
TUMBLES THE SEA ”

(P. 129)



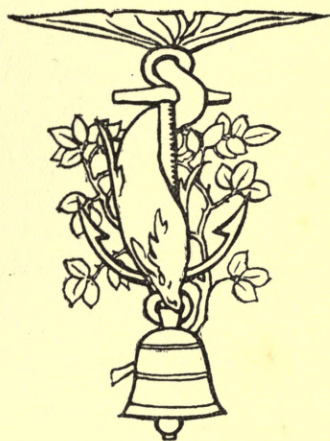
# RUDDIGORE

OR

## THE WITCH'S CURSE

BY  
W. S. GILBERT

WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
W. RUSSELL FLINT



LONDON  
G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

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## LIST OF COLOUR PLATES

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*First Produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, by Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, on Saturday, 22nd January, 1887.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

### MORTALS

ROBIN OAKAPPLE ( <i>A Young Farmer</i> ) . . . . .	MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH
RICHARD DAUNTLESS	} MR. DURWARD LELY
( <i>His Foster-Brother—A Man-o'-war's man</i> )	
SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD	} MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON
( <i>Of Ruddigore—A Wicked Baronet</i> )	
OLD ADAM GOODHEART ( <i>Robin's Faithful Servant</i> ) .	MR. RUDOLPH LEWIS
ROSE MAYBUD ( <i>A Village Maiden</i> ) . . . . .	MISS LEONORA BRAHAM
MAD MARGARET . . . . .	MISS JESSIE BOND
DAME HANNAH ( <i>Rose's Aunt</i> ) . . . . .	MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM
ZORAH } ( <i>Professional Bridesmaids</i> ) . . . . .	{ MISS JOSEPHINE FINDLAY
RUTH }	{ MISS LINDSAY

### GHOSTS

SIR RUPERT MURGATROYD ( <i>The First Baronet</i> ) . . . . .	MR. PRICE
SIR JASPER MURGATROYD ( <i>The Third Baronet</i> ) . . . . .	MR. CHARLES
SIR LIONEL MURGATROYD ( <i>The Sixth Baronet</i> ) . . . . .	MR. TREVOR
SIR CONRAD MURGATROYD ( <i>The Twelfth Baronet</i> ) . . . . .	MR. BURBANK
SIR DESMOND MURGATROYD ( <i>The Sixteenth Baronet</i> ) . . . . .	MR. TUER
SIR GILBERT MURGATROYD ( <i>The Eighteenth Baronet</i> ) . . . . .	MR. WILBRAHAM
SIR MERVYN MURGATROYD ( <i>The Twentieth Baronet</i> ) . . . . .	MR. COX

AND

SIR RODERIC MURGATROYD ( <i>The Twenty-first Baronet</i> ) . . . . .	MR. RICHARD TEMPLE
--	--------------------

CHORUS OF OFFICERS, ANCESTORS, AND PROFESSIONAL BRIDESMAIDS

ACT I . . The Fishing Village of Rederring, in Cornwall

ACT II . . Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle

TIME.—Early in the XIXth Century







RUDDIGORE  
OR  
THE WITCH'S CURSE  
ACT I

SCENE.—*The fishing village of Rederring (in Cornwall). ROSE  
MAYBUD'S cottage is seen L.*

*Enter Chorus of Bridesmaids. They range themselves in front  
of ROSE'S cottage*

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS

Fair is Rose as the bright May-day;  
Soft is Rose as the warm west-wind;  
Sweet is Rose as the new-mown hay—  
Rose is the queen of maiden-kind!  
Rose, all glowing  
With virgin blushes, say—  
Is anybody going  
To marry you to-day?

SOLO

*Zorah.*

Every day, as the days roll on,  
Bridesmaids' garb we gaily don,  
Sure that a maid so fairly famed  
Won't very long remain unclaimed.



Hour by hour and day by day  
 Several months have passed away,  
 And though she's the fairest flower that blows,  
 Nobody yet has married Rose!

## CHORUS

Rose, all glowing  
 With virgin blushes, say—  
 Is anybody going  
 To marry you to-day?

*Enter OLD HANNAH, from cottage*

*Han.* Nay, gentle maidens, you sing well but vainly, for Rose is still heart-free, and looks but coldly upon her many suitors.

*Zor.* It's very disappointing. Every young man in the village is in love with her, but they are appalled by her beauty and modesty, and won't declare themselves; so, until she makes her own choice, there's no chance for anybody else.

*Ruth.* This is, perhaps, the only village in the world that possesses an endowed corps of professional bridesmaids who are bound to be on duty every day from ten to four—and it is at least six months since our services were required. The pious charity by which we exist is practically wasted!

*Zor.* We shall be disendowed—that will be the end of it! Dame Hannah—you're a nice old person—you could marry if you liked. There's old Adam—Robin's faithful servant—he loves you with all the frenzy of a boy of fourteen.

*Han.* Nay—that may never be, for I am pledged!

*All.* To whom?

*Han.* To an eternal maidenhood! Many years ago I was betrothed to a god-like youth who woo'd me under an assumed name. But on the very day upon which our wedding was to have been celebrated, I discovered that he was no other than Sir Roderic Murgatroyd, one of the bad Baronets of Ruddigore, and the uncle of the man who now bears that title. As a son of that accursed race he was no husband for an honest girl, so, madly as I loved him, I left him then and there. He died but ten years since, but I never saw him again.



*Zor.* But why should you not marry a bad Baronet of Ruddigore?

*Ruth.* All baronets are bad; but was he worse than other baronets?

*Han.* My child, he was accursed.

*Zor.* But who cursed him? Not you, I trust!

*Han.* The curse is on all his line and has been, ever since the time of Sir Rupert, the first Baronet. Listen, and you shall hear the legend.

LEGEND

*Han.* Sir Rupert Murgatroyd  
His leisure and his riches  
He ruthlessly employed  
In persecuting witches.  
With fear he'd make them quake—  
He'd duck them in his lake—  
He'd break their bones  
With sticks and stones,  
And burn them at the stake!

CHORUS

This sport he much enjoyed,  
Did Rupert Murgatroyd—  
No sense of shame  
Or pity came  
To Rupert Murgatroyd!

*Han.* Once, on the village green,  
A palsied hag he roasted,  
And what took place, I ween,  
Shook his composure boasted,  
For, as the torture grim  
Seized on each withered limb,  
The writhing dame  
'Mid fire and flame  
Yelled forth this curse on him:  
  
"Each lord of Ruddigore,  
Despite his best endeavour,  
Shall do one crime, or more,  
Once, every day, for ever!



## RUDDIGORE

This doom he can't defy,  
 However he may try,  
     For should he stay  
     His hand, that day  
 In torture he shall die!"

The prophecy came true:  
     Each heir who held the title  
 Had, every day, to do  
     Some crime of import vital;  
 Until, with guilt o'erplied,  
 "I'll sin no more!" he cried,  
     And on the day  
     He said that say,  
 In agony he died!

## CHORUS

And thus, with sinning cloyed,  
 Has died each Murgatroyd,  
     And so shall fall,  
     Both one and all.  
 Each coming Murgatroyd!  
     [*Exeunt Chorus of Bridesmaids.*]

*Enter ROSE MAYBUD from cottage, with small basket  
 on her arm*

*Han.* Whither away, dear Rose? On some errand of charity, as  
 is thy wont?

*Rose.* A few gifts, dear aunt, for deserving villagers. Lo, here is  
 some peppermint rock for old gaffer Gadderby, a set of false  
 teeth for pretty little Ruth Rowbottom, and a pound of snuff  
 for the poor orphan girl on the hill.

*Han.* Ah, Rose, pity that so much goodness should not help to  
 make some gallant youth happy for life! Rose, why dost thou  
 harden that little heart of thine? Is there none hereaway whom  
 thou couldst love?



*Rose.* And if there were such an one, verily it would ill become me to tell him so.

*Han.* Nay, dear one, where true love is, there is little need of prim formality.

*Rose.* Hush, dear aunt, for thy words pain me sorely. Hung in a plated dish-cover to the knocker of the workhouse door, with naught that I could call mine own, save a change of baby-linen and a book of etiquette, little wonder if I have always regarded that work as a voice from a parent's tomb. This hallowed volume [*producing a book of etiquette*], composed, if I may believe the title-page, by no less an authority than the wife of a Lord Mayor, has been, through life, my guide and monitor. By its solemn precepts I have learnt to test the moral worth of all who approach me. The man who bites his bread, or eats peas with a knife, I look upon as a lost creature, and he who has not acquired the proper way of entering and leaving a room is the object of my pitying horror. There are those in this village who bite their nails, dear aunt, and nearly all are wont to use their pocket combs in public places. In truth I could pursue this painful theme much further, but behold, I have said enough.

*Han.* But is there not one among them who is faultless, in thine eyes? For example—young Robin. He combines the manners of a Marquis with the morals of a Methodist. Couldst thou not love *him*?

*Rose.* And even if I could, how should I confess it unto him? For lo, he is shy, and sayeth naught!

BALLAD

*Rose.* If somebody there chanced to be  
 Who loved me in a manner true,  
 My heart would point him out to me,  
 And I would point him out to you.  
 [*Referring to book.*] But here it says of those who point,  
 Their manners must be out of joint—  
     You *may* not point—  
     You *must* not point—  
 It's manners out of joint, to point!







ROSE is about to go when ROBIN enters and calls her

*Robin.* Mistress Rose!

*Rose.* [*Surprised.*] Master Robin!

*Rob.* I wished to say that—it is fine.

*Rose.* It is passing fine.

*Rob.* But we do want rain.

*Rose.* Aye, sorely! Is that all?

*Rob.* [*Sighing.*] That is all.

*Rose.* Good day, Master Robin!

*Rob.* Good day, Mistress Rose!

[*Both going—both stop.*]

{*Rose.* I crave pardon, I—

{*Rob.* I beg pardon, I—

*Rose.* You were about to say?—

*Rob.* I would fain consult you—

*Rose.* Truly?

*Rob.* It is about a friend.

*Rose.* In truth I have a friend myself.

*Rob.* Indeed? I mean, of course—

*Rose.* And I would fain consult you—

*Rob.* [*Anxiously.*] About him?

*Rose.* [*Prudishly.*] About *her*.

*Rob.* [*Relieved.*] Let us consult one another.

DUET

*Rob.* I know a youth who loves a little maid—

(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)

Silent is he, for he's modest and afraid—

(Hey, but he's timid as a youth can be!)

*Rose.* I know a maid who loves a gallant youth—

(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)

She cannot tell him all the sad, sad truth—

(Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)

*Rob.* Poor little man!

*Rose.* Poor little maid!

*Rob.* Poor little man!

*Rose.* Poor little maid!

*Both.* Now tell me pray, and tell me true,

What in the world should the {young man}  
  {maiden } do



- Rob.* He cannot eat and he cannot sleep—  
 (Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)  
 Daily he goes for to wail—for to weep—  
 (Hey, but he's wretched as a youth can be!)
- Rose.* She's very thin and she's very pale—  
 (Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)  
 Daily she goes for to weep—for to wail—  
 (Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)
- Rob.* Poor little maid!
- Rose.* Poor little man!
- Rob.* Poor little maid!
- Rose.* Poor little man!
- Both.* Now tell me pray, and tell me true,  
 What in the world should the  $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{young man} \\ \text{maiden} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$  do?
- Rose.* If I were the youth I should offer her my name—  
 (Hey, but her face is a sight for to see!)
- Rob.* If I were the maid I should feed his honest flame—  
 (Hey, but he's bashful as a youth can be!)
- Rose.* If I were the youth I should speak to her to-day—  
 (Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)
- Rob.* If I were the maid I should meet the lad half way—  
 (For I really do believe that timid youth will die!)
- Rose.* Poor little man!
- Rob.* Poor little maid!
- Rose.* Poor little man!
- Rob.* Poor little maid!
- Both.* I thank you,  $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{miss,} \\ \text{sir,} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$  for your counsel true;  
 I'll tell that  $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{youth} \\ \text{maid} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$  what  $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{he} \\ \text{she} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$  ought to do!

[Exit ROSE.]

*Rob.* Poor child! I sometimes think that if she wasn't quite so particular I might venture—but no, no—even then I should be unworthy of her!



*He sits desponding. Enter OLD ADAM*

*Adam.* My kind master is sad! Dear Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd—

*Rob.* Hush! As you love me, breathe not that hated name. Twenty years ago, in horror at the prospect of inheriting that hideous title and, with it, the ban that compels all who succeed to the baronetcy to commit at least one deadly crime per day, for life, I fled my home, and concealed myself in this innocent village under the name of Robin Oakapple. My younger brother, Despard, believing me to be dead, succeeded to the title and its attendant curse. For twenty years I have been dead and buried. Don't dig me up now.

*Adam.* Dear master, it shall be as you wish, for have I not sworn to obey you for ever in all things? Yet, as we are here alone, and as I belong to that particular description of good old man to whom the truth is a refreshing novelty, let me call you by your own right title once more! [*ROBIN assents.*] Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd! Baronet! Of Ruddigore! Whew! It's like eight hours at the sea-side!

*Rob.* My poor old friend! Would there were more like you!

*Adam.* Would there were indeed! But I bring you good tidings. Your foster-brother, Richard, has returned from sea—his ship the Tom-Tit rides yonder at anchor, and he himself is even now in this very village!

*Rob.* My beloved foster-brother? No, no—it cannot be!

*Adam.* It is even so—and see, he comes this way!

*Enter Chorus of Bridesmaids*

CHORUS

From the briny sea  
Comes young Richard, all victorious!  
Valorous is he—  
His achievements all are glorious!  
Let the welkin ring  
With the news we bring—  
Sing it—shout it—  
Tell about it—  
Safe and sound returneth he,  
All victorious from the sea!



*Enter RICHARD. The girls welcome him as he greets  
old acquaintances*

BALLAD—RICHARD

I shipped, d'ye see, in a Revenue sloop,  
And, off Cape Finistere,  
A merchantman we see,  
A Frenchman, going free,  
So we made for the bold Mounseer,  
D'ye see?  
We made for the bold Mounseer.  
But she proved to be a Frigate—and she up with her ports,  
And fires with a thirty-two!  
It come uncommon near,  
But we answered with a cheer,  
Which paralysed the Parly-voo,  
D'ye see?  
Which paralysed the Parly-voo!

Then our Captain he up and he says, says he,  
“That chap we need not fear,—  
We can take her, if we like,  
She is sartin for to strike,  
For she's only a darned Mounseer,  
D'ye see?  
She's only a darned Mounseer!  
But to fight a French fal-lal!—it's like hittin' of a gal—  
It's a lubberly thing for to do;  
For we, with all our faults,  
Why we're sturdy British salts,  
While she's only a Parley-voo,  
D'ye see?  
A miserable Parley-voo!”

So we up with our helm, and we scuds before the breeze  
As we gives a compassionating cheer;  
Froggee answers with a shout  
As he sees us go about,





“ALAS, DICK, I LOVE ROSE MAYBUD, AND LOVE IN VAIN!”

(P. 121)















Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer,  
D'ye see?

Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer!  
And I'll wager in their joy they kissed each other's cheek  
(Which is what them furriners do),  
And they blessed their lucky stars  
We were hardy British tars  
Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo,  
D'ye see?

Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo!

[*Exeunt* CHORUS, as ROBIN comes forward.]

*Rob.* Richard!

*Rich.* Robin!

*Rob.* My beloved foster-brother, and very dearest friend, welcome home again after ten long years at sea! It is such deeds as you have just described that cause our flag to be loved and dreaded throughout the civilized world!

*Rich.* Why, lord love ye, Rob, that's but a trifle to what we *have* done in the way of sparing life! I believe I may say, without exaggeration, that the marcifful little Tom-Tit has spared more French frigates than any craft afloat! But 'taint for a British seaman to brag, so I'll just stow my jawin' tackle and belay. [ROBIN *sighs*.] But 'vast heavin', messmate, what's brought *you* all a-cockbill?

*Rob.* Alas, Dick, I love Rose Maybud, and love in vain!

*Rich.* You love in vain? Come, that's too good! Why, you're a fine strapping muscular young fellow—tall and strong as a to'-gall'n-m'st—taut as a fore-stay—aye, and a barrowknight to boot, if all had their rights!

*Rob.* Hush, Richard—not a word about my true rank, which none here suspect. Yes, I know well enough that few men are better calculated to win a woman's heart than I. I'm a fine fellow, Dick, and worthy any woman's love—happy the girl who gets me, say I. But I'm timid, Dick; shy—nervous—modest—retiring—diffident—and I cannot tell her, Dick, I cannot tell her! Ah, you've no idea what a poor opinion I have of myself, and how little I deserve it.



*Rich.* Robin, do you call to mind how, years ago, we swore that, come what might, we would always act upon our hearts' dictates?

*Rob.* Aye, Dick, and I've always kept that oath. In doubt, difficulty, and danger, I've always asked my heart what I should do, and it has never failed me.

*Rich.* Right! Let your heart be your compass, with a clear conscience for your binnacle light, and you'll sail ten knots on a bowline, clear of shoals, rocks, and quicksands! Well now, what does my heart say in this here difficult situation? Why, it says "Dick," it says—(it calls me "Dick" acos it's known me from a babby)—"Dick," it says, "*you* ain't shy—*you* ain't modest—speak you up for him as is!" Robin, my lad, just you lay me alongside, and when she's becalmed under my lee, I'll spin her a yarn that shall sarve to fish you two together for life!

*Rob.* Will you do this thing for me? Can you, do you think? Yes. [*Feeling his pulse.*] There's no false modesty about *you*. Your—what I would call bumptious self-assertiveness (I mean the expression in its complimentary sense) has already made you a bos'n's mate, and it will make an admiral of you in time, if you work it properly, you dear, incompetent old impostor! My dear fellow, I'd give my right arm for one tenth of your modest assurance.

#### SONG

*Rob.* My boy, you may take it from me,  
That of all the afflictions accurst  
With which a man's saddled  
And hampered and addled,  
A diffident nature's the worst.  
Though clever as clever can be—  
A Crichton of early romance—  
You must stir it and stump it,  
And blow your own trumpet,  
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance.  
  
If you wish in the world to advance,  
Your merits you're bound to enhance,  
You must stir and stump it,  
And blow your own trumpet,  
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!



Now take, for example, *my* case:  
 I've a bright intellectual brain—  
     In all London city  
     There's no one so witty—  
 I've thought so again and again.  
 I've a highly intelligent face—  
     My features can not be denied—  
     But, whatever I try, sir,  
     I fail in—and why, sir?  
 I'm modesty personified!

If you wish in the world to advance, etc.

As a poet, I'm tender and quaint—  
     I've passion and fervour and grace—  
     From Ovid and Horace  
     To Swinburne and Morris,  
 They all of them take a back place.  
 Then I sing and I play and I paint:  
 Though none are accomplished as I,  
     To say so were treason:  
     You ask me the reason?  
 I'm diffident, modest and shy!

If you wish in the world to advance, etc.

[*Exit* ROBIN.]

*Rich.* [*Looking after him.*] Ah, it's a thousand pities he's such a poor opinion of himself, for a finer fellow don't walk! Well, I'll do my best for him. "Plead for him as though it was for your own father"—that's what my heart's a remarkin' to me just now. But here she comes! Steady! Steady it is! [*Enter ROSE—he is much struck by her.*] By the Port Admiral but she's a tight little craft! Come, come, she's not for you, Dick, and yet—she's fit to marry Lord Nelson! By the Flag of Old England, I can't look at her unmoved.

*Rose.* Sir, you are agitated—

*Rich.* Aye, aye, my lass, well said! I am agitated, true enough!—took flat aback, my girl, but 'tis naught—'twill pass. [*Aside.*] This here heart of mine's a dictatin' to me like anythink. Question is, have I a right to disregard its promptings?



*Rose.* Can I do aught to relieve thine anguish, for it seemeth to me that thou art in sore trouble? This apple— [*Offering a damaged apple.*]

*Rich.* [*Looking at it and returning it.*] No, my lass, 'taint that: I'm—I'm took flat aback—I never see anything like you in all my born days. Parbuckle me, if you ain't the loveliest gal I've ever set eyes on. There—I can't say fairer than that, can I?

*Rose.* No. [*Aside.*] The question is, is it meet that an utter stranger should thus express himself? [*Refers to book.*] Yes,—“Always speak the truth.”

*Rich.* I'd no thoughts of sayin' this here to you on my own account, for, truth to tell, I was chartered by another; but when I see you my heart it up and it says, says it, “This is the very lass for *you*, Dick.”—“Speak up to her, Dick,” it says—(it calls me Dick acos we was at school together)—“tell her all, Dick,” it says, “never sail under false colours—it's mean!” *That's* what my heart tells me to say, and in my rough, common-sailor fashion, I've said it, and I'm a-waiting for your reply. I'm a tremblin', miss. Lookye here [*holding out his hand*—that's narvousness.

*Rose.* [*Aside.*] Now, how should a maiden deal with such an one? [*Consults book.*] “Keep no one in unnecessary suspense.” [*Aloud.*] Behold, I will not keep you in unnecessary suspense. [*Refers to book.*] “In accepting an offer of marriage, do so with apparent hesitation.” [*Aloud.*] I take you, but with a certain show of reluctance. [*Refers to book.*] “Avoid any appearance of eagerness.” [*Aloud.*] Though you will bear in mind that I am far from anxious to do so. [*Refers to book.*] “A little show of emotion will not be misplaced!” [*Aloud.*] Pardon this tear! [*Wipes her eye.*]

*Rich.* Rose, you've made me the happiest blue-jacket in England! I wouldn't change places with the Admiral of the Fleet, no matter who he's a huggin' of at this present moment! But, axin' your pardon, miss [*wiping his lips with his hand*], might I be permitted to salute the flag I'm a-goin' to sail under?

*Rose.* [*Referring to book.*] “An engaged young lady should not permit too many familiarities.” [*Aloud.*] Once! [*RICHARD kisses her.*]



ENTER ROSE—HE IS MUCH STRUCK BY HER

(P. 123)















DUET

*Rich.*

The battle's roar is over,  
 O my love!  
 Embrace thy tender lover,  
 O my love!  
 From tempests' welter,  
 From war's alarms,  
 O give me shelter  
 Within those arms!  
 Thy smile alluring,  
 All heart-ache curing,  
 Gives peace enduring,  
 O my love!

*Rose.*

If heart both true and tender,  
 O my love!  
 A life-love can engender,  
 O my love!  
 A truce to sighing  
 And tears of brine,  
 For joy undying  
 Shall aye be mine,  
 And thou and I, love,  
 Shall live and die, love,  
 Without a sigh, love—  
 My own, my love!

*Enter* ROBIN, *with Chorus of Bridesmaids*

CHORUS

If well his suit has sped,  
 Oh, may they soon be wed!  
 Oh, tell us, tell us, pray,  
 What doth the maiden say?  
 In singing are we justified  
 "Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride"

*Rob.* Well—what news? Have you spoken to her?

*Rich.* Aye, my lad, I have—so to speak—spoke her.



*Rob.* And she refuses?

*Rich.* Why, no, I can't truly say she do.

*Rob.* Then she accepts! My darling! *[Embraces her.]*

#### BRIDESMAIDS

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!

Let the nuptial knot be tied:

In fair phrases

Hymn their praises,

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!

*Rose.* [*Aside, referring to her book.*] Now, what should a maiden do when she is embraced by the wrong gentleman?

*Rich.* Belay, my lad, belay. You don't understand.

*Rose.* Oh, sir, belay, I beseech you!

*Rich.* You see, it's like this: she accepts—but it's *me*!

*Rob.* You! *[RICHARD embraces ROSE.]*

#### BRIDESMAIDS

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!

When the nuptial knot is tied—

*Rob.* [*Interrupting angrily.*] Hold your tongues, will you! Now then, what does this mean?

*Rich.* My poor lad, my heart grieves for thee, but it's like this: the moment I see her, and just as I was a-goin' to mention your name, my heart it up and it says, says it—"Dick, you've fell in love with her yourself," it says. "Be honest and sailor-like—don't skulk under false colours—speak up," it says. "Take her, you dog, and with her my blessin'!"

*Bridesmaids.* "Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!"—

*Rob.* Will you be quiet! Go away! *[Chorus make faces at him and exeunt.]* Vulgar girls!

*Rich.* What could I do? I'm bound to obey my heart's dictates.

*Rob.* Of course—no doubt. It's quite right—I don't mind—that is, not particularly—only it's—it *is* disappointing, you know.

*Rose* [*To ROBIN.*] Oh, but, sir, I knew not that thou didst seek me in wedlock, or in very truth I should not have hearkened unto this man, for behold, he is but a lowly mariner, and very poor



withal, whereas thou art a tiller of the land, and thou hast fat oxen, and many sheep and swine, a considerable dairy farm and much corn and oil!

*Rich.* That's true, my lass, but it's done now, ain't it, Rob?

*Rose.* Still it may be that I should not be happy in thy love. I am passing young and little able to judge. Moreover, as to thy character I know naught!

*Rob.* Nay, Rose, I'll answer for that. Dick has won thy love fairly. Broken-hearted as I am, I'll stand up for Dick through thick and thin!

*Dick.* [*With emotion.*] Thankye, messmate! that's well said. That's spoken honest. Thankye, Rob! [*Grasps his hand.*]

*Rose.* Yet methinks I have heard that sailors are but worldly men, and little prone to lead serious and thoughtful lives!

*Rob.* And what then? Admit that Dick is *not* a steady character, and that when he's excited he uses language that would make your hair curl.—Grant that—he does. It's the truth, and I'm not going to deny it. But look at his *good* qualities. He's as nimble as a pony, and his hornpipe is the talk of the fleet!

*Rich.* Thankye, Rob! That's well spoken. Thankye, Rob!

*Rose.* But it may be that he drinketh strongwaters which do bemuse a man, and make him even as the wild beasts of the desert!

*Rob.* Well, suppose he does, and I don't say he don't, for rum's his bane, and ever has been. He *does* drink—I won't deny it. But what of that? Look at his arms—tattooed to the shoulder! [*Dick rolls up his sleeves.*] No, no—I won't hear a word against Dick!

*Rose.* But they say that mariners are but rarely true to those whom they profess to love!

*Rob.* Granted—granted—and I don't say that Dick isn't as bad as any of 'em. [*Dick chuckles.*] You are, you know you are, you dog! a devil of a fellow—a regular out-and-out Lothario! But what then? You can't have everything, and a better hand at turning-in a dead-eye don't walk a deck! And what an accomplishment *that* is in a family man! No, no—not a word against Dick. I'll stick up for him through thick and thin!

*Rich.* Thankye, Rob, thankye. You're a true friend. I've acted accordin' to my heart's dictates, and such orders as them no man should disobey.







*Enter MAD MARGARET. She is wildly dressed in picturesque tatters, and is an obvious caricature of theatrical madness.*

SCENA

*Mar.*

Cheerily carols the lark  
Over the cot.  
Merrily whistles the clerk  
Scratching a blot.  
But the lark  
And the clerk,  
I remark,  
Comfort me not!

Over the ripening peach  
Buzzes the bee.  
Splash on the billowy beach  
Tumbles the sea.  
But the peach  
And the beach  
They are each  
Nothing to me!

And why?  
Who am I?  
Daft Madge! Crazy Meg!  
Mad Margaret! Poor Peg!  
He! he! he! he! he!

[*Chuckling.*]

Mad, I?  
Yes, very!  
But why?  
Mystery!  
Don't call!  
Whisht! whisht!

No crime—  
'Tis only  
That I'm  
Love—lonely!  
That's all!  
Whisht! whisht!



## BALLAD

*Mar.*

To a garden full of posies  
 Cometh one to gather flowers,  
 And he wanders through its bowers  
 Toying with the wanton roses,  
 Who, uprising from their beds,  
 Hold on high their shameless heads  
 With their pretty lips a-pouting,  
 Never doubting—never doubting  
 That for Cytherean posies  
 He would gather aught but roses!

In a nest of weeds and nettles,  
 Lay a violet, half-hidden,  
 Hoping that his glance unbidden  
 Yet might fall upon her petals.  
 Though she lived alone, apart,  
 Hope lay nestling at her heart,  
 But, alas, the cruel awaking  
 Set her little heart a-breaking,  
 For he gathered for his posies  
 Only roses—only roses! [*Bursts into tears.*]

*Enter ROSE*

*Rose.* A maiden, and in tears? Can I do aught to soften thy sorrow? This apple— [*Offering apple.*]

*Mar.* [*Examines it and rejects it.*] No! [*Mysteriously.*] Tell me, are you mad?

*Rose.* I? No! That is, I think not.

*Mar.* That's well! Then you don't love Sir Despard Murgatroyd? All mad girls love him. *I* love him. I'm poor Mad Margaret—Crazy Meg—Poor Peg! He! he! he! he! [*Chuckling.*]

*Rose.* Thou lovest the bad Baronet of Ruddigore? Oh, horrible—too horrible!

*Mar.* You pity me? Then be my mother! The squirrel had a



mother, but she drank and the squirrel fled! Hush! They sing a brave song in our parts—it runs somewhat thus:—[*Sings.*]

“The cat and the dog and the little puppee  
Sat down in a—down in a—in a—”

I forget what they sat down in, but so the song goes! Listen—  
—I’ve come to pinch her!

*Rose.* Mercy, whom?

*Mar.* You mean “who.”

*Rose.* Nay! it is the accusative after the verb.

*Mar.* True. [*Whispers melodramatically.*] I have come to pinch Rose Maybud!

*Rose.* [*Aside, alarmed.*] Rose Maybud!

*Mar.* Aye! I love him—he loved me once. But that’s all gone, Fisht! He gave me an Italian glance—thus—[*business*—and made me his. He will give *her* an Italian glance, and make *her* his. But it shall not be, for I’ll stamp on her—stamp on her—stamp on her! Did you ever kill anybody? No? Why not? Listen—I killed a fly this morning! It buzzed, and I wouldn’t have it. So it died—pop! So shall she!

*Rose.* But behold, I am Rose Maybud, and I would fain not die “pop.”

*Mar.* You are Rose Maybud!

*Rose.* Yes, sweet Rose Maybud!

*Mar.* Strange! They told me she was beautiful! And *he* loves *you*! No, no! If I thought that, I would treat you as the auctioneer and land-agent treated the lady-bird—I would rend you asunder!

*Rose.* Nay, be pacified, for behold I am pledged to another, and lo, we are to be wedded this very day!

*Mar.* Swear me that! Come to a Commissioner and let me have it on affidavit! *I* once made an affidavit—but it died—it died—it died! But see, they come—Sir Despard and his evil crew! Hide, hide—they are all mad—quite mad!

*Rose.* What makes you think that?

*Mar.* Hush! they sing choruses in public. That’s mad enough, I think! Go—hide away, or they will seize you. Hush! Quite softly—quite, quite softly! [*Exeunt together, on tiptoe.*]



## RUDDIGORE

*Enter Chorus of Bucks and Blades, heralded by  
Chorus of Bridesmaids*

## CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS

Welcome, gentry,  
For your entry  
Sets our tender hearts a-beating.  
Men of station,  
Admiration  
Prompts this unaffected greeting.  
Hearty greeting offer we!

Your exceeding  
Easy breeding—  
Just the thing our hearts to pillage—  
Cheers us, charms us,  
Quite disarms us,  
Welcome, welcome, to our village;  
To our village welcome be!

## CHORUS OF BUCKS AND BLADES

When thoroughly tired  
Of being admired  
By ladies of gentle degree—degree,  
With flattery sated,  
High-flown and inflated,  
Away from the city we flee—we flee!

From charms intramural  
To prettiness rural  
The sudden transition  
Is simply Elysian,  
So come, Amaryllis,  
Come, Chloe and Phyllis,  
Your slaves, for the moment, are we!

*All.*

From charms intramural, etc.



CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS

The sons of the tillage  
 Who dwell in this village  
 Are people of lowly degree—degree.  
 Though honest and active  
 They're most unattractive  
 And awkward as awkward can be—can be.

They're clumsy clodhoppers  
 With axes and choppers,  
 And shepherds and ploughmen  
 And drovers and cowmen  
 And hedgers and reapers  
 And carters and keepers,  
 But never a lover for me!

*All.* They're clumsy clodhoppers, etc.

*All.* So welcome, gentry,

For { your }  
 { our } entry

Sets { our }  
 { their } tender hearts a-beating, etc.

*Enter* SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD

SONG AND CHORUS

*Sir D.* Oh why am I moody and sad?

*Ch.* Can't guess!

*Sir D.* And why am I guiltily mad?

*Ch.* Confess!

*Sir D.* Because I am thoroughly bad!

*Ch.* Oh yes—

*Sir D.* You'll see it at once in my face.

Oh why am I husky and hoarse?

*Ch.* Ah, why?

*Sir D.* It's the workings of conscience, of course.

*Ch.* Fie, fie!

*Sir D.* And huskiness stands for remorse,

*Ch.* Oh my!

*Sir D.* At least it does so in my case!



- Sir D.* When in crime one is fully employed—  
*Ch.* Like you—  
*Sir D.* Your expression gets warped and destroyed:  
*Ch.* It do.  
*Sir D.* It's a penalty none can avoid;  
*Ch.* How true!  
*Sir D.* I once was a nice-looking youth;  
 But like stone from a strong catapult—  
*Ch.* [*Explaining to each other.*] A trice—  
*Sir D.* I rushed at my terrible cult—  
*Ch.* [*Explaining to each other.*] That's vice—  
*Sir D.* Observe the unpleasant result!  
*Ch.* Not nice.  
*Sir D.* Indeed I am telling the truth!
- Sir D.* O innocent, happy though poor!  
*Ch.* That's we—  
*Sir D.* If I had been virtuous, I'm sure—  
*Ch.* Like me—  
*Sir D.* I should be as nice-looking as you're!  
*Ch.* May be.  
*Sir D.* You are very nice-looking indeed!  
 O innocents, listen in time—  
*Ch.* We *doe*,  
*Sir D.* Avoid an existence of crime—  
*Ch.* Just so—  
*Sir D.* Or you'll be as ugly as I'm—  
*Ch.* [*Loudly.*] No! no!  
*Sir D.* And now, if you please, we'll proceed.

[*All the girls express their horror of SIR DESPARD. As he approaches them they fly from him, terror-stricken, leaving him alone on the stage.*]

*Sir D.* Poor children, how they loathe me—me whose hands are certainly steeped in infamy, but whose heart is as the heart of a little child! But what is a poor baronet to do, when a whole picture-gallery of ancestors step down from their frames and



“POOR CHILDREN, HOW THEY LOATHE ME”.

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threaten him with an excruciating death, if he hesitate to commit his daily crime? But ha! ha! I am even with them! [*Mysteriously.*] I get my crime over the first thing in the morning and then, ha! ha! for the rest of the day I do good—I do good—I do good! [*Melodramatically.*] Two days since, I stole a child and built an orphan asylum. Yesterday I robbed a bank and endowed a bishopric. To-day I carry off Rose Maybud, and atone with a cathedral! This is what it is to be the sport and toy of a Picture Gallery! But I will be bitterly revenged upon them! I will give them all to the Nation, and nobody shall ever look upon their faces again!

*Enter* RICHARD

*Rich.* Ax your honour's pardon, but—

*Sir D.* Ha! observed! And by a mariner! What would you with me, fellow?

*Rich.* Your honour, I'm a poor man-o'-war's man, becalmed in the doldrums—

*Sir D.* I don't know them.

*Rich.* And I make bold to ax your honour's advice. Does your honour know what it is to have a heart?

*Sir D.* My honour knows what it is to have a complete apparatus for conducting the circulation of the blood through the veins and arteries of the human body.

*Rich.* Aye, but has your honour a heart that ups and looks you in the face, and gives you quarter-deck orders that it's life and death to disobey?

*Sir D.* I have not a heart of that description, but I have a Picture Gallery that presumes to take that liberty.

*Rich.* Well, your honour, it's like this—Your honour had an elder brother—

*Sir D.* It had.

*Rich.* Who should have inherited your title and with it, its cuss.

*Sir D.* Aye, but he died. Oh, Ruthven!—

*Rich.* He didn't.

*Sir D.* He did *not*?



*Rich.* He didn't. On the contrary, he lives in this here very village, under the name of Robin Oakapple, and he's a-going to marry Rose Maybud this very day.

*Sir D.* Ruthven alive, and going to marry Rose Maybud! Can this be possible?

*Rich.* Now the question I was going to ask your honour is—ought I to tell your honour this?

*Sir D.* I don't know. It's a delicate point. I think you ought. Mind, I'm not sure, but I think so.

*Rich.* That's what my heart says. It says, "Dick," it says (it calls me Dick acos it's entitled to take that liberty), "That there young gal would recoil from him if she knowed what he really were. Ought you to stand off and on, and let this young gal take this false step and never fire a shot across her bows to bring her to? No," it says, "you did *not* ought." And I won't ought, accordin'.

*Sir D.* Then you really feel yourself at liberty to tell me that my elder brother lives—that I may charge him with his cruel deceit, and transfer to his shoulders the hideous thraldom under which I have laboured for so many years! Free—free at last! Free to live a blameless life, and to die beloved and regretted by all who knew me!

DUET—RICHARD *and* SIR DESPARD

*Rich.* You understand?

*Sir Des.* I think I do,  
With vigour unshaken  
This step shall be taken.  
It's neatly planned.

*Rich.* I think so too;  
I'll readily bet it  
You'll never regret it!

*Both.* For duty, duty must be done;  
The rule applies to every one,  
And painful though that duty be,  
To shirk the task were fiddle-de-dee!



*Sir Des.*  
*Rich.*

The bridegroom comes—  
Likewise the bride—  
The maidens are very  
Elated and merry;  
They are her chums.

*Sir Des.*

To lash their pride  
Were almost a pity,  
The pretty committee!

*Both.*

But duty, duty must be done;  
The rule applies to every one,  
And painful though that duty be,  
To shirk the task were fiddle-de-dee!

[*Exeunt* RICHARD and SIR DESPARD.]

*Enter Chorus of Bridesmaids and Bucks*

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS

Hail the bride of seventeen summers:  
In fair phrases  
Hymn her praises;  
Lift your song on high, all comers,  
She rejoices  
In your voices.  
Smiling summer beams upon her,  
Shedding every blessing on her:  
Maidens, greet her—  
Kindly treat her—  
You may all be brides some day!

CHORUS OF BUCKS

Hail the bridegroom who advances,  
Agitated,  
Yet elated.  
He's in easy circumstances,  
Young and lusty,  
True and trusty:



Happiness untold awaits them  
 When the parson consecrates them;  
     People near them,  
     Loudly cheer them—  
 You'll be bridegrooms some fine day!

*Enter ROBIN, attended by RICHARD and OLD ADAM, meeting ROSE, attended by ZORAH and DAME HANNAH. ROSE and ROBIN embrace.*

## MADRIGAL

*Rose.*           Where the buds are blossoming,  
                   Smiling welcome to the spring,  
                   Lovers choose a wedding day—  
                   Life is love in merry May!

*Girls.*           Spring is green—Fal lal la!  
                   Summer's rose—Fal lal la!

*All.*             It is sad when summer goes,  
                   Fal la!

*Men.*           Autumn's gold—Fal lal la!  
                   Winter's gray—Fal lal la!

*All.*             Winter still is far away—  
                   Fal la!

Leaves in autumn fade and fall  
 Winter is the end of all.  
 Spring and summer teem with glee:  
 Spring and summer, then, for me!  
     Fal la!

*Han.*           In the spring-time seed is sown:  
                   In the summer grass is mown:  
                   In the autumn you may reap:  
                   Winter is the time for sleep.

*Girls.*           Spring is hope—Fal lal la!  
                   Summer's joy—Fal lal la!

*All.*             Spring and summer never cloy,  
                   Fal la!



*Men.* Autumn, toil—Fal la! la!  
 Winter, rest—Fal la! la!  
*All.* Winter, after all, is best—  
 Fal la!

Spring and summer pleasure you,  
 Autumn, aye, and winter too—  
 Every season has its cheer  
 Life is lovely all the year!  
 Fal la!

GAVOTTE

*After Gavotte, enter SIR DESPARD*

*Sir D.* Hold, bride and bridegroom, ere you wed each other,  
 I claim your Robin as my elder brother!

*Rob. [Aside.]* Ah, lost one!

*Sir D.* His rightful title I have long enjoyed:  
 I claim him as Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd!

*Rose. [Wildly.]* Deny the falsehood, Robin, as you should!  
 It is a plot!

*Rob.* I would, if conscientiously I could,  
 But I cannot!

*All.* Ah, base one!

SOLO

*Rob.* As pure and blameless peasant,  
 I cannot, I regret,  
 Deny a truth unpleasant,  
 I am that Baronet!

*All.* He is that Baronet!

*Rob.* But when completely rated  
 Bad baronet am I,  
 That I am what he's stated  
 I'll recklessly deny!

*All.* He'll recklessly deny!



*Rob.* When I'm a bad Bart. I will tell taradiddles!

*All.* He'll tell taradiddles when he's a bad Bart.

*Rob.* I'll play a bad part on the falsest of fiddles.

*All.* On very false fiddles he'll play a bad part!

*Rob.* But until that takes place I must be conscientious—

*All.* He'll be conscientious until that takes place.

*Rob.* Then adieu with good grace to my morals sententious!

*All.* To morals sententious adieu with good grace!

*Zor.* Who is the wretch who hath betrayed thee?

Let him stand forth!

*Rich.* [*Coming forward.*] 'Twas I!

*All.* Die, traitor!

*Rich.* Hold, my conscience made me!

Withhold your wrath!

SOLO

*Rich.* Within this breast there beats a heart

Whose voice can't be gainsaid.

It bade me thy true rank impart,

And I at once obeyed.

I knew 'twould blight thy budding fate—

I knew 'twould cause thee anguish great—

But did I therefore hesitate?

No! I at once obeyed!

*All.* Acclaim him who, when his true heart

Bade him young Robin's rank impart,

Immediately obeyed!

SOLO

*Rose.* [*Addressing ROBIN.*] Farewell!

Thou hadst my heart—


'Twas quickly won!

But now we part—

Thy face I shun!

Farewell!





“DENY THE FALSEHOOD, ROBIN, AS YOU SHOULD,  
IT IS A PLOT!”

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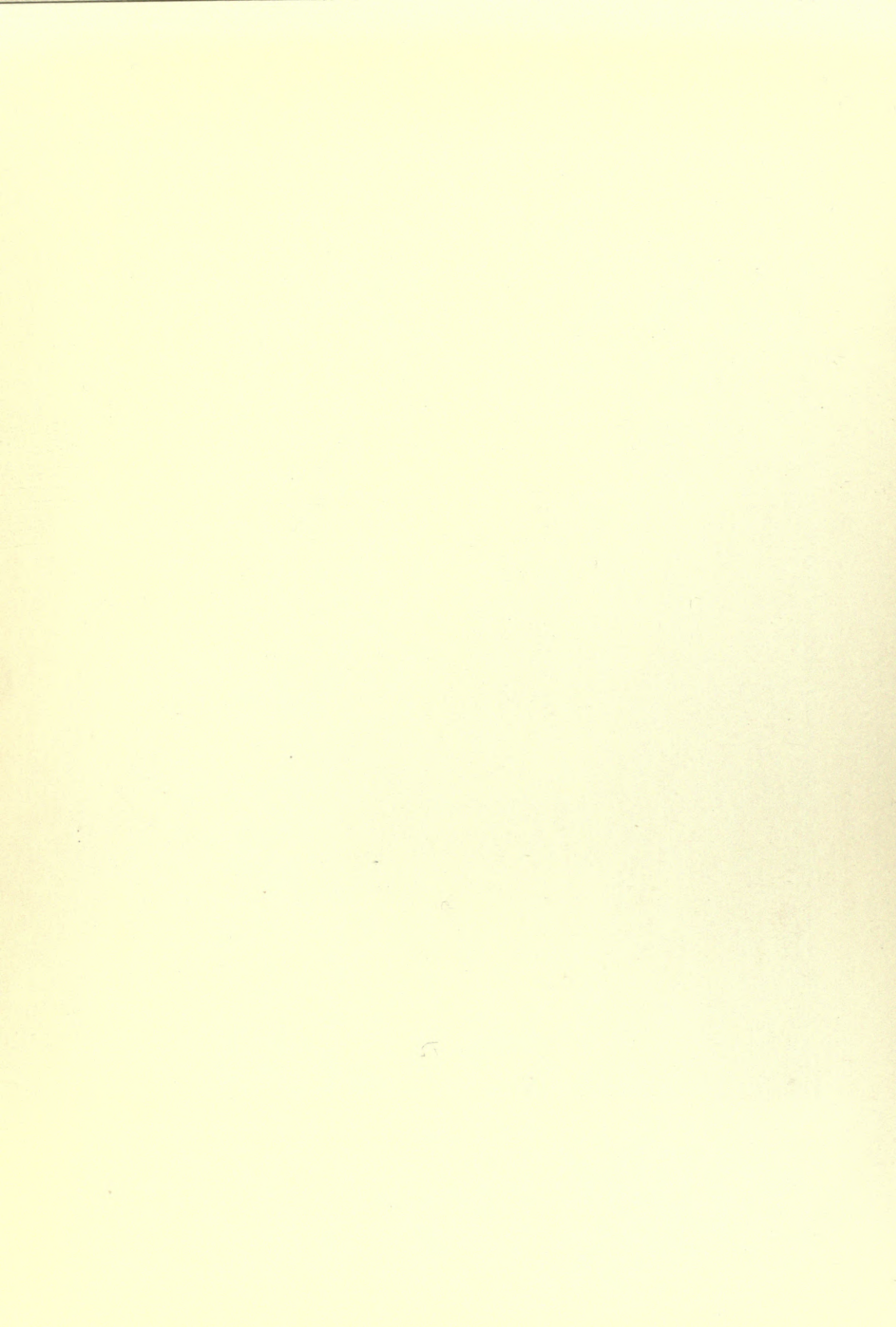














Go bend the knee  
At Vice's shrine,  
Of life with me  
All hope resign.  
Farewell!

*Sir Despard.* Take me—I am thy bride!

*All.* Hurrah!

BRIDESMAIDS

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!  
When the nuptial knot is tied;  
Every day will bring some joy  
That can never, never cloy!

*Enter MARGARET, who listens*

*Sir D.* Excuse me, I'm a virtuous person now—

*Rose.* That's why I wed you!

*Sir D.* And I to Margaret must keep my vow!

*Mar.* Have I misread you?

Oh joy! with newly kindled rapture warmed,  
I kneel before you!

[*Kneels.*

*Sir D.* I once disliked you; now that I've reformed,

How I adore you! [*They embrace.*

BRIDESMAIDS

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!  
When the nuptial knot is tied;  
Every day will bring some joy  
That can never, never cloy!

*Rose.* Richard, of him I love bereft,  
Through thy design,  
Thou art the only one that's left,  
So I am thine!

[*They embrace.*



## RUDDIGORE

## BRIDESMAIDS

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!  
Let the nuptial knot be tied!

DUET—ROSE *and* RICHARD

Oh, happy the lily  
    When kissed by the bee;  
And, sipping tranquilly,  
    Quite happy is he;  
And happy the filly  
    That neighs in her pride;  
But happier than any,  
A pound to a penny,  
A lover is, when he  
    Embraces his bride!

DUET—SIR DESPARD *and* MARGARET

Oh, happy the flowers  
    That blossom in June,  
And happy the bowers  
    That gain by the boon,  
But happier by hours  
    The man of descent,  
Who, folly regretting,  
Is bent on forgetting  
His bad baronetting,  
    And means to repent!

TRIO—HANNAH, ADAM, *and* ZORAH

Oh, happy the blossom  
    That blooms on the lea,  
Likewise the opossom  
    That sits on a tree,  
But when you come across 'em,  
    They cannot compare,  
With those who are treading  
The dance at a wedding,  
While people are spreading  
    The best of good fare!



SOLO—ROBIN

Oh, wretched the debtor  
 Who 's signing a deed!  
 And wretched the letter  
 That no one can read!  
 But very much better  
 Their lot it must be  
 Than that of the person  
 I'm making this verse on,  
 Whose head there 's a curse on—  
 Alluding to me!

*[Repeat ensemble with chorus.]*

DANCE

*At the end of the dance ROBIN falls senseless on the stage. Picture.*

ACT DROP



## ACT II

SCENE—*Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle. The walls are covered with full-length portraits of the Baronets of Ruddigore from the time of JAMES I—the first being that of SIR RUPERT, alluded to in the legend; the last, that of the last deceased Baronet, SIR RODERIC.*

*Enter ROBIN and ADAM melodramatically. They are greatly altered in appearance, ROBIN wearing the haggard aspect of a guilty r   ; ADAM, that of the wicked steward to such a man.*

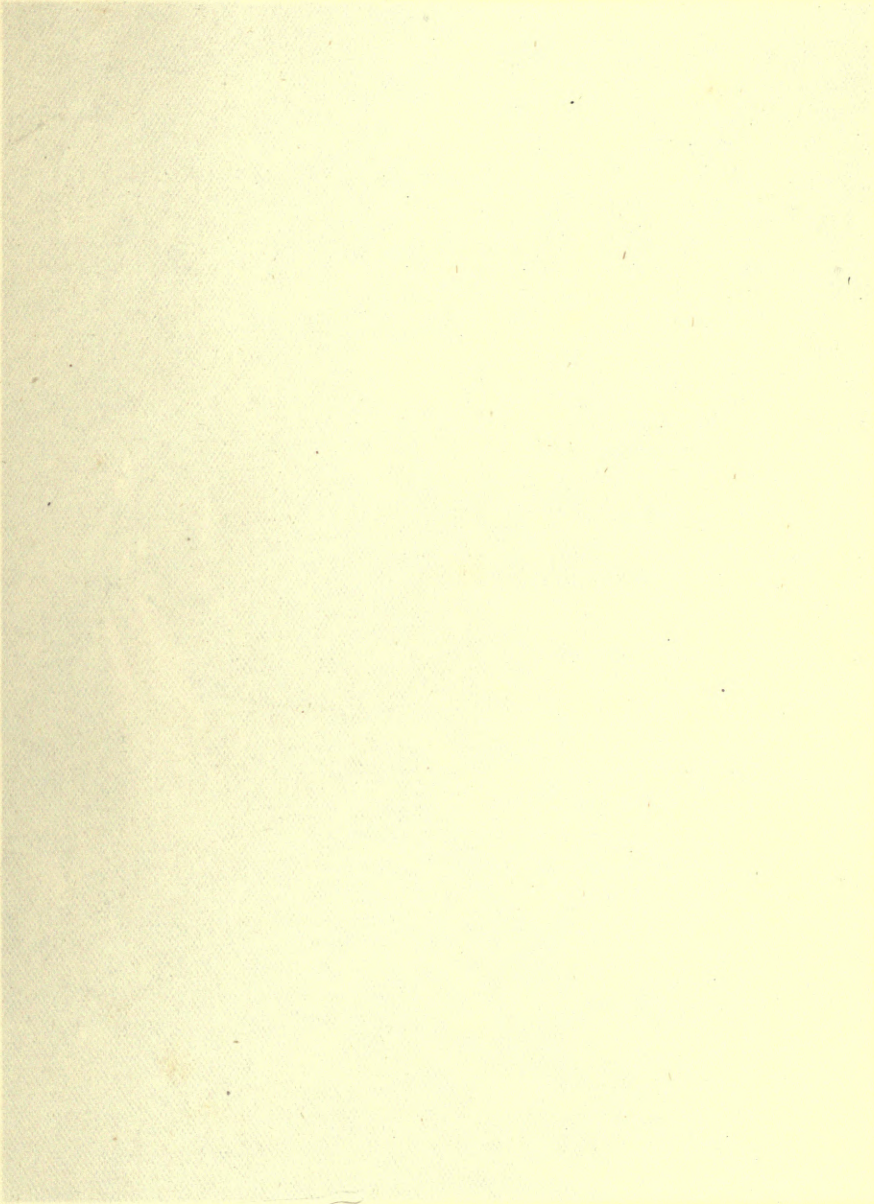
## DUET—ROBIN and ADAM

- Rob.* I once was as meek as a new-born lamb,  
I'm now Sir Murgatroyd—ha! ha!  
With greater precision,  
(Without the elision)  
Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd—ha! ha!
- Adam.* And I, who was once his *valley-de-sham*,  
As steward I'm now employed—ha! ha!  
The dickens may take him—  
I'll never forsake him!  
As steward I'm now employed—ha! ha!
- Both.* How dreadful when an innocent heart  
Becomes, perforce, a bad young Bart.,  
And still more hard on old Adam  
His former faithful *valley-de-sham*!

*Rob.* This is a painful state of things, Old Adam!

*Adam.* Painful, indeed! Ah, my poor master, when I swore that come what would, I would serve you in all things for ever, I little thought to what a pass it would bring me! The confidential adviser to the greatest villain unhung! Now, Sir, to business. What crime do you propose to commit to-day?





ENTER ROBIN AND ADAM MELODRAMATICALLY

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*Rob.* How should I know? As my confidential adviser, it's your duty to suggest something.

*Adam.* Sir, I loathe the life you are leading, but a good old man's oath is paramount, and I obey. Richard Dauntless is here with pretty Rose Maybud, to ask your consent to their marriage. Poison their beer.

*Rob.* No—not that—I know I'm a bad Bart, but I'm not as bad a Bart as all that.

*Adam.* Well, there you are, you see! It's no use my making suggestions if you don't adopt them.

*Rob.* [*Melodramatically.*] How would it be, do you think, were I to lure him here with cunning wile—bind him with good stout rope to yonder post—and then, by making hideous faces at him, curdle the heart-blood in his arteries, and freeze the very marrow in his bones? How say you, Adam, is not the scheme well planned?

*Adam.* It would be simply rude—nothing more. But soft—they come!

ADAM and ROBIN retire up as RICHARD and ROSE enter, preceded by Chorus of Bridesmaids

DUET—RICHARD and ROSE

*Rich.* Happily coupled are we,  
                     You see—  
 I am a jolly Jack Tar,  
                     My star,  
             And you are the fairest,  
             The richest and rarest  
 Of innocent lasses you are,  
                     By far—  
 Of innocent lasses you are!

Fanned by a favouring gale,  
                     You'll sail  
 Over life's treacherous sea  
                     With me,



## RUDDIGORE

And as for bad weather  
 We'll brave it together,  
 And you shall creep under my lee,  
     My wee!  
 And you shall creep under my lee!  
 For you are such a smart little craft—  
 Such a neat little, sweet little craft,  
     Such a bright little, tight little,  
     Slight little, light little,  
 Trim little, prim little craft!

## CHORUS

For she is such, etc.

*Rose.*

My hopes will be blighted I fear,  
     My dear;  
 In a month you'll be going to sea,  
     Quite free,  
     And all of my wishes  
     You'll throw to the fishes  
 As though they were never to be;  
     Poor me!  
 As though they were never to be.  
 And I shall be left all alone  
     To moan,  
 And weep at your cruel deceit,  
     Complete;  
     While you'll be asserting  
     Your freedom by flirting  
 With every woman you meet,  
     You cheat—  
 With every woman you meet!  
 Though I am such a smart little craft—  
 Such a neat little, sweet little craft,  
     Such a bright little, tight little,  
     Slight little, light little,  
 Trim little, prim little craft!

## CHORUS

Though she is such, etc.



*Enter ROBIN*

*Rob.* Soho! pretty one—in my power at last, eh? Know ye not that I have those within my call who, at my lightest bidding, would immure ye in an uncomfortable dungeon? [*Calling.*] What ho! within there!

*Rich.* Hold—we are prepared for this. [*Producing a Union Jack.*] Here is a flag that none dare defy [*all kneel*], and while this glorious rag floats over Rose Maybud's head, the man does not live who would dare to lay unlicensed hand upon her!

*Rob.* Foiled—and by a Union Jack! But a time will come and then—

*Rose.* Nay, let me plead with him. [*To ROBIN.*] Sir Ruthven, have pity. In my book of etiquette the case of a maiden about to be wedded to one who unexpectedly turns out to be a baronet with a curse on him, is not considered. Time was when you loved me madly. Prove that this was no selfish love by according your consent to my marriage with one who, if he be not yourself, is the next best thing—your dearest friend!

BALLAD

*Rose.* In bygone days I had thy love—  
           Thou hadst my heart.  
 But Fate, all human vows above,  
           Our lives did part!  
 By the old love thou hadst for me—  
 By the fond heart that beat for thee—  
 By joys that never now can be,  
           Grant thou my prayer!

*All.* [*Kneeling.*] Grant thou her prayer!

*Rob.* [*Recit.*] Take her—I yield.

*All.* [*Recit.*] Oh rapture!

CHORUS

Away to the parson we go—  
           Say we're solicitous very  
 That he will turn two into one—  
           Singing hey, derry down derry!



*Rich.* For she *is* such a smart little craft  
*Rose.* Such a neat little, sweet little craft—  
*Rich.* Such a bright little—  
*Rose.* Tight little—  
*Rich.* Slight little—  
*Rose.* Light little—  
*Both.* Trim little, slim little craft!

## CHORUS

For she *is* such a smart little craft, etc.

*[Exeunt all but ROBIN.]*

*Rob.* For a week I have fulfilled my accursed doom! I have duly committed a crime a-day! Not a great crime, I trust, but still in the eyes of one as strictly regulated as I used to be, a crime. But will my ghostly ancestors be satisfied with what I have done, or will they regard it as an unworthy subterfuge? *[Addressing Pictures.]* Oh, my forefathers, wallowers in blood, there came at last a day when, sick of crime, you, each and every, vowed to sin no more, and so, in agony, called welcome Death to free you from your cloying guiltiness. Let the sweet psalm of that repentant hour soften your long-dead hearts, and tune your souls to mercy on your poor posterity! *[Kneeling.]*

*[The stage darkens for a moment. It becomes light again, and the Pictures are seen to have become animated.]*

## CHORUS OF FAMILY PORTRAITS

Painted emblems of a race  
 All accurst in days of yore,  
 Each from his accustomed place  
 Steps into the world once more.

*[The Pictures step from their frames and march round the stage.]*

Baronet of Ruddigore,  
 Last of our accursed line,  
 Down upon the oaken floor—  
 Down upon those knees of thine.



Coward, poltroon, shaker, squeamer,  
 Blockhead, sluggard, dullard, dreamer,  
 Shirker, shuffler, crawler, creeper,  
 Sniffler, snuffler, wailer, weeper,  
 Earthworm, maggot, tadpole, weevil!  
 Set upon thy course of evil  
 Lest the King of Spectre-Land  
 Set on thee his grisly hand!

*The spectre of Sir Roderic descends from his frame.*

*Sir Rod.* By the curse upon our race—  
*Chorus.* Dead and hearsèd  
 All accursèd!

*Sir Rod.* Each inheriting this place—  
*Chorus.* Sorrows shake it!  
 Devil take it!

*Sir Rod.* Must, perforce, or yea or nay—  
*Chorus.* Yea or naying  
 Be obeying!

*Sir Rod.* Do a deadly crime each day!  
*Chorus.* Fire and thunder,  
 We knocked under—  
 Some atrocious crime committed  
 Daily ere the world we quitted!

*Sir Rod.* Beware! beware! beware!  
*Rob.* Gaunt vision, who art thou  
 That thus, with icy glare  
 And stern relentless brow,  
 Appearest, who knows how?

*Sir Rod.* I am the spectre of the late  
 Sir Roderic Murgatroyd.  
 Who comes to warn thee that thy fate  
 Thou canst not now avoid.

*Rob.* Alas, poor ghost!  
*Sir Rod.* The pity you  
 Express, for nothing goes:



## RUDDIGORE

We spectres are a jollier crew  
Than you, perhaps, suppose!

*Chorus.*

Yes! yes!  
We spectres are a jollier crew  
Than you, perhaps, suppose!  
Ha! ha!

## SONG—SIR RODERIC

When the night wind howls in the chimney cowl, and the bat in  
the moonlight flies,  
And inky clouds, like funeral shrouds, sail over the midnight skies—  
When the footpads quail at the night-bird's wail, and black dogs  
bay the moon,  
Then is the spectre's holiday—then is the ghosts' high noon!

## CHORUS

Ha! ha!  
Then is the ghosts' high noon!

## SIR RODERIC

As the sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees and the mists lie low  
on the fen,  
From gray tomb-stones are gathered the bones that once were  
women and men,  
And away they go, with a mop and a mow, to the revel that ends  
too soon,  
For cockcrow limits our holiday—the dead of the night's high noon!

## CHORUS

Ha! ha!  
The dead of the night's high noon!

## SIR RODERIC

And then each ghost with his ladye-toast to their churchyard beds  
takes flight,  
With a kiss, perhaps, on her lantern chaps, and a grisly, grim  
“good-night”;  
Till the welcome knell of the midnight bell rings forth its jolliest  
tune,  
And ushers our next high holiday—the dead of the night's high  
noon!



CHORUS

Ha! ha!

The dead of the night's high noon!

*Rob.* I recognize you now—you are the Picture that hangs at the end of the gallery.

*Sir Rod.* In a bad light. I am.

*Rob.* Are you considered a good likeness?

*Sir Rod.* Pretty well. Flattering.

*Rob.* Because as a work of art you are poor.

*Sir Rod.* I am crude in colour, but I have only been painted ten years. In a couple of centuries I shall be an Old Master, and then you will be sorry you spoke lightly of me.

*Rob.* And may I ask why you have left your frames?

*Sir Rod.* It is our duty to see that our successors commit their daily crimes in a conscientious and workmanlike fashion. It is our duty to remind you that you are evading the conditions under which you are permitted to exist.

*Rob.* Really I don't know what you'd have. I've only been a bad baronet a week, and I've committed a crime punctually every day.

*Sir Rod.* Let us inquire into this. Monday?

*Rob.* Monday was a Bank Holiday.

*Sir Rod.* True. Tuesday?

*Rob.* On Tuesday I made a false income tax return.

*All.* Ha! ha!

*First Ghost.* That's nothing.

*Second Ghost.* Nothing at all.

*Third Ghost.* Everybody does that.

*Fourth Ghost.* It's expected of you.

*Sir Rod.* Wednesday?

*Rob.* [*Melodramatically.*] On Wednesday I forged a will.

*Sir Rod.* Whose will?

*Rob.* My own.

*Sir Rod.* My good sir, you can't forge your own will!

*Rob.* Can't I though! I like that! I *did*! Besides, if a man can't forge his own will, whose will can he forge?

*First Ghost.* There's something in that.

*Second Ghost.* Yes, it seems reasonable.



*Third Ghost.* At first sight it does.

*Fourth Ghost.* Fallacy somewhere, I fancy!

*Rob.* A man can do what he likes with his own?

*Sir Rod.* I suppose he can.

*Rob.* Well then, he can forge his own will, stoopid! On Thursday  
I shot a fox.

*First Ghost.* Hear, hear!

*Sir Rod.* That's better. [*Addressing Ghosts.*] Pass the fox, I think?  
[*They assent.*] Yes, pass the fox. Friday?

*Rob.* On Friday I forged a cheque.

*Sir Rod.* Whose cheque?

*Rob.* Old Adam's.

*Sir Rod.* But Old Adam hasn't a banker.

*Rob.* I didn't say I forged his banker—I said I forged his cheque.  
On Saturday I disinherited my only son.

*Sir Rod.* But you haven't got a son.

*Rob.* No—not yet. I disinherited him in advance, to save time.  
You see—by this arrangement—he'll be born ready disinherited.

*Sir Rod.* I see. But I don't think you can do that.

*Rob.* My good sir, if I can't disinherit my own unborn son, whose unborn son can I disinherit?

*Sir Rod.* Humph! These arguments sound very well, but I can't help thinking that, if they were reduced to syllogistic form, they wouldn't hold water. Now quite understand us. We are foggy, but we don't permit our fogginess to be presumed upon. Unless you undertake to—well, suppose we say carry off a lady? [*Addressing Ghosts.*] Those who are in favour of his carrying off a lady—[*All hold up their hands except a Bishop.*] Those of the contrary opinion? [*Bishop holds up his hands.*] Oh, you're never satisfied! Yes, unless you undertake to carry off a lady at once—I don't care what lady—any lady—choose your lady—you perish in inconceivable agonies.

*Rob.* Carry off a lady? Certainly not, on any account. I've the greatest respect for ladies, and I wouldn't do anything of the kind for worlds! No, no. I'm not that kind of baronet, I assure you! If that's all you've got to say, you'd better go back to your frames.



GHOSTS MAKE PASSES—ROBIN BEGINS  
TO WRITHE IN AGONY

(P. 153)















*Sir Rod.* Very good—then let the agonies commence.

[*Ghosts make passes. ROBIN begins to writhe in agony.*]

*Rob.* Oh! Oh! Don't do that! I can't stand it!

*Sir Rod.* Painful, isn't it? It gets worse by degrees.

*Rob.* Oh—Oh! Stop a bit! Stop it, will you? I want to speak.

[*SIR RODERIC makes signs to Ghosts, who resume their attitudes.*]

*Sir Rod.* Better?

*Rob.* Yes—better now! Whew!

*Sir Rod.* Well, do you consent?

*Rob.* But it's such an ungentlemanly thing to do!

*Sir Rod.* As you please. [*To Ghosts.*] Carry on!

*Rob.* Stop—I can't stand it! I agree! I promise! It shall be done.

*Sir Rod.* To-day?

*Rob.* To-day!

*Sir Rod.* At once?

*Rob.* At once! I retract! I apologize! I had no idea it was anything like that!

CHORUS

He yields! He answers to our call!

We do not ask for more.

A sturdy fellow, after all,

This latest Ruddigore!

All perish in unheard of woe

Who dare our wills defy;

We want your pardon, ere we go,

For having agonized you so—

So pardon us—

So pardon us—

So pardon us—

Or die!

*Rob.* I pardon you!

I pardon you!

*All.* He pardons us—

Hurrah!

[*The Ghosts return to their frames.*]



## RUDDIGORE

## CHORUS

Painted emblems of a race,  
 All accurst in days of yore,  
 Each to his accustomed place  
 Steps unwillingly, once more!

*[By this time the Ghosts have changed to pictures again.*

*ROBIN is overcome by emotion.*

*Enter ADAM*

*Adam.* My poor master, you are not well—

*Rob.* Gideon Crawle, it won't do—I've seen 'em—all my ancestors  
 —they're just gone. They say that I must do something desperate  
 at once, or perish in horrible agonies. Go—go to yonder village—  
 carry off a maiden—bring her here at once—anyone—I don't care which—

*Adam.* But—

*Rob.* Not a word, but obey! Fly!

*[Exit ADAM.]*

## RECIT. AND SONG

*Robin.*

Away, Remorse!  
 Compunction, hence!  
 Go, Moral Force!  
 Go, Penitence!  
 To Virtue's plea  
 A long farewell—  
 Propriety,  
 I ring your knell!  
 Come guiltiness of deadliest hue,  
 Come desperate deeds of derring do!

Henceforth all the crimes that I find in the "Times"

I've promised to perpetrate daily;

To-morrow I start, with a petrified heart,

On a regular course of Old Bailey.

There's confidence tricking, bad coin, pocket-picking,

And several other disgraces—

There's postage-stamp priggings, and then, thimble-rigging,

The three-card delusion at races!



Oh! a Baronet's rank is exceedingly nice,  
But the title's uncommonly dear at the price!

Ye well-to-do squires, who live in the shires,  
Where petty distinctions are vital,  
Who found Athenaeums and local museums,  
With views to a baronet's title—  
Ye butchers and bakers and candlestick makers  
Who sneer at all things that are tradey—  
Whose middle-class lives are embarrassed by wives  
Who long to parade as "My Lady,"  
Oh! allow me to offer a word of advice,  
The title's uncommonly dear at the price!

Ye supple M.P.'s, who go down on your knees,  
Your precious identity sinking,  
And vote black or white as your leaders indite  
(Which saves you the trouble of thinking),  
For your country's good fame, her repute, or her shame,  
You don't care the snuff of a candle—  
But you're paid for your game when you're told that your name  
Will be graced by a baronet's handle—  
Oh! allow me to give *you* a word of advice—  
The title's uncommonly dear at the price! [Exit ROBIN.

*Enter SIR DESPARD and MARGARET. They are both dressed in sober black of formal cut, and present a strong contrast to their appearance in Act I.*

DUET

<i>Des.</i>	I once was a very abandoned person—
<i>Mar.</i>	Making the most of evil chances.
<i>Des.</i>	Nobody could conceive a worse 'un—
<i>Mar.</i>	Even in all the old romances.
<i>Des.</i>	I blush for my wild extravagances, But be so kind To bear in mind
<i>Mar.</i>	We were the victims of circumstances! [Dance.
	That is one of our blameless dances.



- Mar.* I was an exceedingly odd young lady—  
*Des.* Suffering much from spleen and vapours.  
*Mar.* Clergymen thought my conduct shady—  
*Des.* She didn't spend much upon linendrapers.  
*Mar.* It certainly entertained the gapers.  
           My ways were strange  
           Beyond all range—  
*Des.* And paragraphs got into all the papers. [Dance.  
           We only cut respectable capers.  
*Des.* I've given up all my wild proceedings.  
*Mar.* My taste for a wandering life is waning.  
*Des.* Now I'm a dab at penny readings.  
*Mar.* They are not remarkably entertaining.  
*Des.* A moderate livelihood we're gaining.  
*Mar.* In fact we rule  
           A National School.  
*Des.* The duties are dull, but I'm not complaining. [Dance.  
           This sort of thing takes a deal of training!  
*Des.* We have been married a week.  
*Mar.* One happy, happy week!  
*Des.* Our new life—  
*Mar.* Is delightful indeed!  
*Des.* So calm!  
*Mar.* So unimpassioned! [Wildly.] Master, all this I owe to you!  
           See, I am no longer wild and untidy. My hair is combed. My  
           face is washed. My boots fit!  
*Des.* Margaret, don't. Pray restrain yourself. Remember, you  
           are now a district visitor.  
*Mar.* A gentle district visitor!  
*Des.* You are orderly, methodical, neat; you have your emotions  
           well under control.  
*Mar.* I have! [Wildly.] Master, when I think of all you have done  
           for me, I fall at your feet. I embrace your ankles. I hug your  
           knees! [Doing so.  
*Des.* Hush. This is not well. This is calculated to provoke  
           remark. Be composed, I beg!  
*Mar.* Ah! you are angry with poor little Mad Margaret!



*Des.* No, not angry; but a district visitor should learn to eschew melodrama. Visit the poor, by all means, and give them tea and barley-water, but don't do it as if you were administering a bowl of deadly nightshade. It upsets them. Then when you nurse sick people, and find them not as well as could be expected, why go into hysterics?

*Mar.* Why not?

*Des.* Because it's too jumpy for a sick room.

*Mar.* How strange! Oh, Master! Master!—how shall I express the all-absorbing gratitude that—

*[About to throw herself at his feet.]*

*Des.* Now!

*[Warningly.]*

*Mar.* Yes, I know, dear—it sha'n't occur again. *[He is seated—she sits on the ground by him.]* Shall I tell you one of poor Mad Margaret's odd thoughts? Well, then, when I am lying awake at night, and the pale moonlight streams through the latticed casement, strange fancies crowd upon my poor mad brain, and I sometimes think that if we could hit upon some word for you to use whenever I am about to relapse—some word that teems with hidden meaning—like “Basingstoke”—it might recall me to my saner self. For, after all, I am only Mad Margaret! Daft Meg! Poor Peg! He! he! he!

*Des.* Poor child, she wanders! But soft—someone comes—Margaret—pray recollect yourself—Basingstoke, I beg! Margaret, if you don't Basingstoke at once, I shall be seriously angry.

*Mar.* *[Recovering herself.]* Basingstoke it is!

*Des.* Then make it so.

*Enter ROBIN. He starts on seeing them*

*Rob.* Despard! And his young wife! This visit is unexpected.

*Mar.* Shall I fly at him? Shall I tear him limb from limb? Shall I rend him asunder? Say but the word and—

*Des.* Basingstoke!

*Mar.* *[Suddenly demure.]* Basingstoke it is!

*Des.* *[Aside.]* Then make it so. *[Aloud.]* My brother—I call you brother, still, despite your horrible profligacy—We have come to urge you to abandon the evil courses to which you have committed yourself, and at any cost to become a pure and blameless ratepayer.



*Rob.* But I've done no wrong yet.

*Mar.* [*Wildly.*] No wrong! He has done no wrong! Did you hear that!

*Des.* Basingstoke!

*Mar.* [*Recovering herself.*] Basingstoke it is!

*Des.* My brother—I still call you brother, you observe—you forget that you have been, in the eye of the law, a Bad Baronet of Ruddigore for ten years—and you are therefore responsible—in the eye of the law—for all the misdeeds committed by the unhappy gentleman who occupied your place.

*Rob.* I see! Bless my heart, I never thought of that! Was I very bad?

*Des.* Awful. Wasn't he? [*To MARGARET.*]

*Rob.* And I've been going on like this for how long?

*Des.* Ten years! Think of all the atrocities you have committed—by attorney, as it were—during that period. Remember how you trifled with this poor child's affections—how you raised her hopes on high (don't cry my love—Basingstoke, you know), only to trample them in the dust when they were at the very zenith of their fullness. Oh fie, sir, fie—she trusted you!

*Rob.* Did she? What a scoundrel I must have been! There, there—don't cry, my dear [*to MARGARET, who is sobbing on ROBIN's breast*], it's all right now. Birmingham, you know—Birmingham—

*Mar.* [*Sobbing.*] It's Ba—Ba—Basingstoke!

*Rob.* Basingstoke! Of course it is—Basingstoke.

*Mar.* Then make it so!

*Rob.* There, there—it's all right—he's married you now—that is, *I've* married you—[*Turning to DESPARD*—I say, which of us has married her?

*Des.* Oh, *I've* married her.

*Rob.* [*Aside.*] Oh, I'm glad of that. [*To MARGARET.*] Yes, *he's* married you now [*passing her over to DESPARD*], and anything more disreputable than my conduct seems to have been I've never even heard of. But my mind is made up—I *will* defy my ancestors. I *will* refuse to obey their behests, and thus, by court-ing death, atone in some degree for the infamy of my career!

*Mar.* I knew it—I knew it—God bless you— [*Hysterically.*]

*Des.* Basingstoke!

*Mar.* Basingstoke it is!

[*Recovers herself.*]



PATTER-TRIO

ROBIN

My eyes are fully open to my awful situation—  
I shall go at once to Roderic and make him an oration.  
I shall tell him I've recovered my forgotten moral senses,  
And I don't care two-pence halfpenny for any consequences.  
Now I do not want to perish by the sword or by the dagger,  
But a martyr may indulge a little pardonable swagger,  
And a word or two of compliment my vanity would flatter,  
But I've got to die to-morrow, so it really doesn't matter!

*Des.* So it really doesn't matter—

*Mar.* So it really doesn't matter—

*All.* So it really doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

MARGARET

If I were not a little mad and generally silly  
I should give you my advice upon the subject, willy nilly;  
I should show you in a moment how to grapple with the question,  
And you'd really be astonished at the force of my suggestion.  
On the subject I shall write you a most valuable letter,  
Full of excellent suggestions when I feel a little better,  
But at present I'm afraid I am as mad as any hatter,  
So I'll keep 'em to myself, for my opinion doesn't matter!

*Des.* Her opinion doesn't matter—

*Rob.* Her opinion doesn't matter—

*All.* Her opinion doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

DESPARD

If I had been so lucky as to have a steady brother  
Who could talk to me as we are talking now to one another—  
Who could give me good advice when he discovered I was erring,  
(Which is just the very favour which on you I am conferring),  
My story would have made a rather interesting idyll,  
And I might have lived and died a very decent indiwidthle.  
This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter  
Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter!

*Rob.* If it is it doesn't matter—

*Mar.* If it ain't it doesn't matter—

*All.* If it is it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

[*Exeunt* DESPARD and MARGARET.]



*Enter ADAM*

*Adam.* [*Guiltily.*] Master—the deed is done!

*Rob.* What deed?

*Adam.* She is here—alone, unprotected—

*Rob.* Who?

*Adam.* The maiden. I've carried her off—I had a hard task, for she fought like a tiger-cat!

*Rob.* Great heaven, I had forgotten her! I had hoped to have died unspotted by crime, but I am foiled again—and by a tiger-cat! Produce her—and leave us!

[*ADAM introduces OLD HANNAH, very much excited, and exit.*]

*Rob.* Dame Hannah! This is—this is not what I expected.

*Han.* Well sir, and what would you with me? Oh, you have begun bravely—bravely indeed! Unappalled by the calm dignity of blameless womanhood, your minion has torn me from my spotless home, and dragged me, blindfold and shrieking, through hedges, over stiles, and across a very difficult country, and left me, helpless and trembling at your mercy! Yet not helpless, coward sir, for approach one step—nay, but the twentieth part of one poor inch—and this poniard [*produces a very small dagger*] shall teach ye what it is to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

*Rob.* Madam, I am extremely sorry for this. It is not at all what I intended—anything more correct—more deeply respectful than my intentions towards you, it would be impossible for anyone—however particular—to desire.

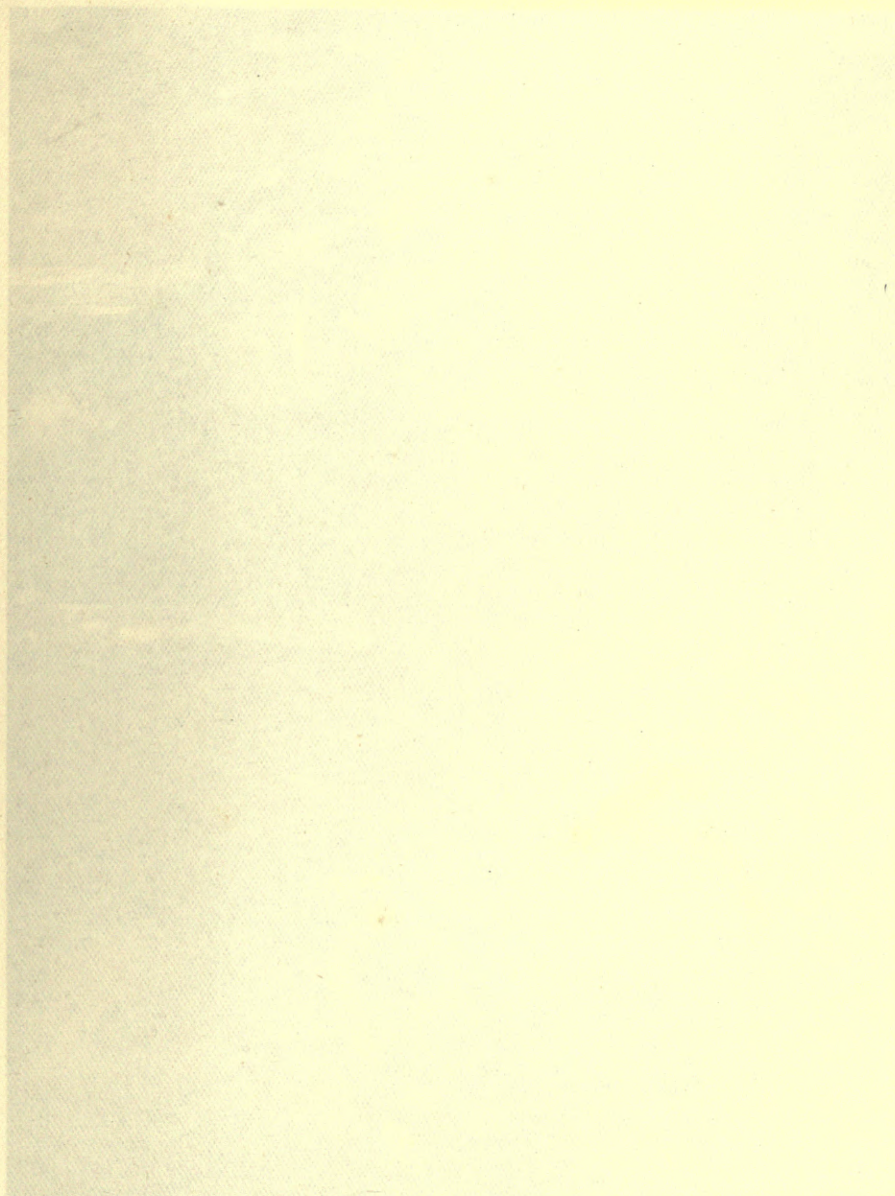
*Han.* Bah, I am not to be tricked by smooth words, hypocrite! But be warned in time, for there are, without, a hundred gallant hearts whose trusty blades would hack him limb from limb who dared to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

*Rob.* And this is what it is to embark upon a career of unlicensed pleasure!

[*HANNAH, who has taken a formidable dagger from one of the armed figures, throws her small dagger to ROBIN.*]

*Han.* Harkye, miscreant, you have secured me, and I am your poor prisoner; but if you think I cannot take care of myself





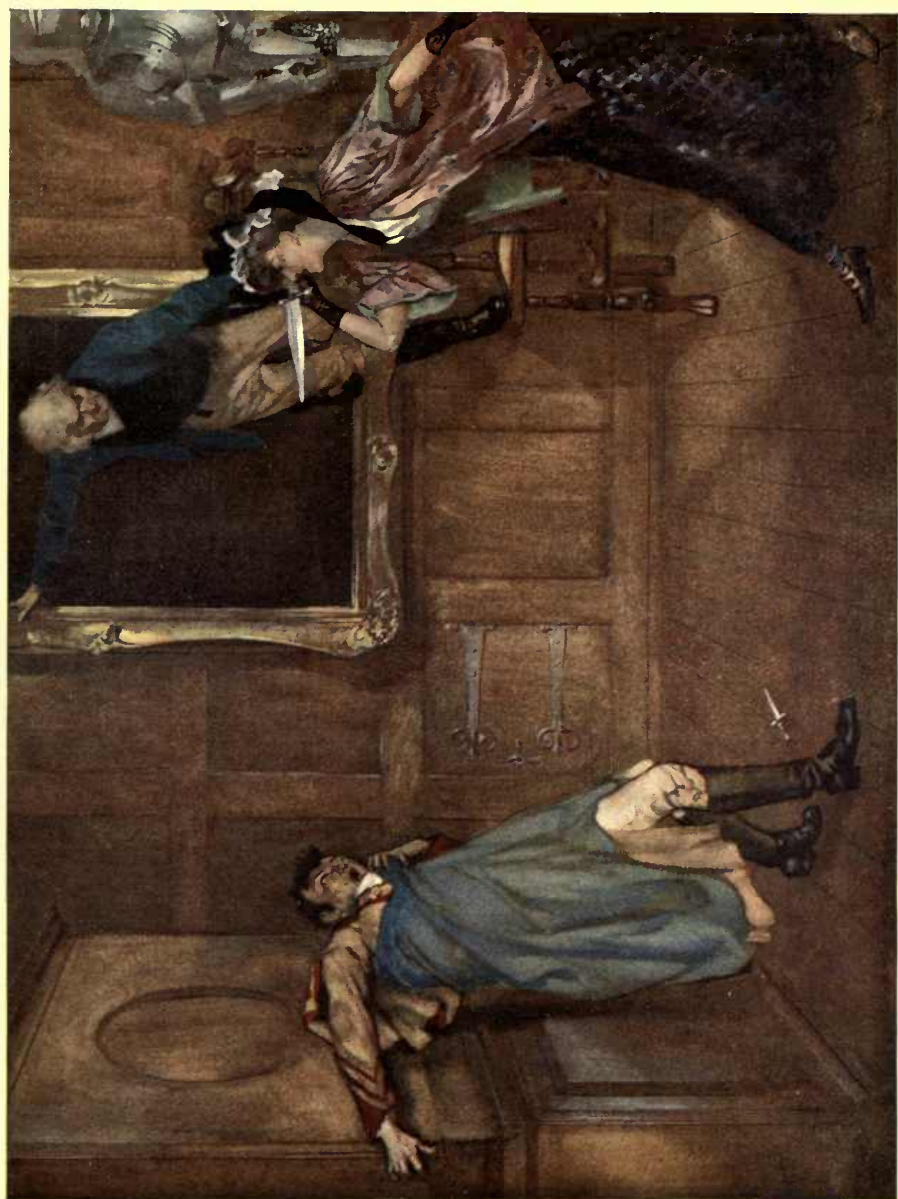
“WHAT IS THE MATTER? HAVE YOU CARRIED HER OFF?”

(P. 161)















you are very much mistaken. Now then, it's one to one, and let the best man win! [*Making for him.*]

*Rob.* [*In an agony of terror.*] Don't! don't look at me like that! I can't bear it! Roderic! Uncle! Save me!

*RODERIC enters, from his picture. He comes down the stage*

*Rod.* What is the matter? Have you carried her off?

*Rob.* I have—she is there—look at her—she terrifies me! Come quite up and save me!

*Rod.* [*Looking at HANNAH.*] Little Nannikin!

*Han.* [*Amazed.*] Roddy-doddy!

*Rod.* My own old love! Why how came *you* here?

*Han.* This brute—he carried me off! Bodily! But I'll show him! [*About to rush at ROBIN.*]

*Rod.* Stop! [*To ROB.*] What do you mean by carrying off this lady? Are you aware that once upon a time she was engaged to be married to me? I'm very angry—very angry indeed.

*Rob.* Now I hope this will be a lesson to you in future, not to—

*Rod.* Hold your tongue, sir.

*Rob.* Yes, uncle.

*Rod.* Have you given him any encouragement?

*Han.* [*To ROB.*] Have I given you any encouragement? Frankly now, have I?

*Rob.* No. Frankly, you have not. Anything more scrupulously correct than your conduct, it would be impossible to desire.

*Rod.* You go away.

*Rob.* Yes, uncle. [*Exit ROBIN.*]

*Rod.* This is a strange meeting after so many years!

*Han.* Very. I thought you were dead.

*Rod.* I am. I died ten years ago.

*Han.* And are you pretty comfortable?

*Rod.* Pretty well—that is—yes, pretty well.

*Han.* You don't deserve to be, for I loved you all the while, dear, and it made me dreadfully unhappy to hear of all your goings on, you bad, bad boy!



## BALLAD

*Han.*

There grew a little flower  
 'Neath a great oak tree:  
 When the tempest 'gan to lower  
 Little heeded she:  
 No need had she to cower,  
 For she dreaded not its power—  
 She was happy in the bower  
 Of her great oak tree!  
 Sing hey,  
 Lackaday!  
 Let the tears fall free  
 For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree!

*Both.*

Sing hey,  
 Lackaday, etc.

*Han.*

When she found that he was fickle,  
 Was that great oak tree,  
 She was in a pretty pickle,  
 As she well might be—  
 But his gallantries were mickle,  
 For Death followed with his sickle,  
 And her tears began to trickle  
 For her great oak tree!  
 Sing hey,  
 Lackaday! etc.

Said she, "He loved me never,  
 Did that great oak tree,  
 But I'm neither rich nor clever,  
 And so why should he?  
 But though fate our fortunes sever,  
 To be constant I'll endeavour,  
 Aye, for ever and for ever,  
 To my great oak tree!"  
 Sing hey,  
 Lackaday! etc.

[*Falls weeping on RODERIC'S bosom.*]



*Enter ROBIN, excitedly, followed by all the characters and  
Chorus of Bridesmaids*

*Rob.* Stop a bit—both of you.

*Rod.* This intrusion is unmannerly.

*Han.* I'm surprised at you.

*Rob.* I can't stop to apologize—an idea has just occurred to me. A Baronet of Ruddigore can only die through refusing to commit his daily crime.

*Rod.* No doubt.

*Rob.* Therefore, to refuse to commit a daily crime is tantamount to suicide!

*Rod.* It would seem so.

*Rob.* But suicide is, itself, a crime—and so, by your own showing, you ought never to have died at all!

*Rod.* I see—I understand! Then I'm practically alive!

*Rob.* Undoubtedly! [SIR RODERIC *embraces* HANNAH.] Rose, when you believed that I was a simple farmer, I believe you loved me?

*Rose.* Madly, passionately!

*Rob.* But when I became a bad baronet, you very properly loved Richard instead?

*Rose.* Passionately, madly!

*Rob.* But if I should turn out *not* to be a bad baronet after all, how would you love me then?

*Rose.* Madly, passionately!

*Rob.* As before?

*Rose.* Why, of course!

*Rob.* My darling!

[*They embrace.*]

*Rich.* Here, I say, belay.

*Rose.* Oh sir, belay, if it's absolutely necessary.

*Rob.* Belay? Certainly not!

#### FINALE

*Rob.* Having been a wicked baronet a week,  
Once again a modest livelihood I seek,  
Agricultural employment  
Is to me a keen enjoyment,  
For I'm naturally diffident and meek!



*Rose.* When a man has been a naughty baronet,  
And expresses his repentance and regret,  
You should help him, if you're able,  
Like the mousie in the fable,  
That's the teaching of my Book of Etiquette.

*Rich.* If you ask me why I do not pipe my eye,  
Like an honest British sailor, I reply,  
That with Zorah for my missis,  
There'll be bread and cheese and kisses,  
Which is just the sort of ration I enjye!

*Des. & Mar.* Prompted by a keen desire to evoke,  
All the blessed calm of matrimony's yoke,  
We shall toddle off to-morrow,  
From this scene of sin and sorrow,  
For to settle in the town of Basingstoke!

*All.* For happy the lily  
That's kissed by the bee;  
And, sipping tranquilly,  
Quite happy is he;  
And happy the filly  
That neighs in her pride;  
But happier than any,  
A pound to a penny,  
A lover is, when he  
Embraces his bride!

CURTAIN







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